

POETRY.

From the Mountain Signal.

An Elegue.

The following Elegue has been handed us by an old friend of the author. It has never before appeared in print. The history of the Elegue is about this: The author was at a ball in Greenville one night and, from drinking too much sparkling wine, he became exceedingly merry, and, among other things, he was made believe the next day that he highly offended one of his lady friends—hence the Elegue. The author was the lamented WARREN R. DAVIS, of South Carolina.

THE LAWYER AND THE DEVIL.

A DREAM PASSEDO 'TIL MR. TRAVIS NOT ALL A DREAM
LAWYER.—A VAIN, THOUGHTLESS, GRIMASSED MONSTER!
AVANT!

What hast thou with me? what now do you want?

SATAN.—My business, dear Lawyer, is just now with you;

To keep you securely and punish you too—
LAWYER.—To keep me securely? why what do I hear?

And threaten to punish, too? Sir, do you dare
To utter such language!

SATAN.—Behold! can you pass these
Dark walls and portals of iron and brass?

LAWYER.—In custody say you? your mittimus show!

Or soon Habemus Corpus, with penalties know.
SATAN.—Habemus Corpus and mittimus, quibbles of law,
Are of little avail here, so look for no law.

To the furnace begone sir; obey my commands,
You're not the first lawyer I've passed through my hands.

LAWYER.—Where am I? who are you? how came I here?

SATAN.—You're in Hell!—I am Satan the Prince of the air!

A while ago swept over your slumbers last night
And avenging your sins brought you here in my sight.

LAWYER.—My sins! sins! which of them?

SATAN.—For guzzling of wine,
And offending that charming sweet girl, Miss G*****.

LAWYER.—Offending that Lady! Oh mercy forbid!

For if true, mercy's self from my face will be hid!

No Satan, though many my sins may appear;
Of one so enormous, I feel I am clear!

SATAN.—No, no, sir; besides, at the party I am told,

You bothered the young ones, and worried the old;

Destroy their pleasure by fanning the dance
Now I'll take the fan sir, and you those blue flames.

LAWYER.—Old sooty 'tis false; no old ones were there;

They were all young and beautiful, rosy and fair—

And now in your ear let me whisper old scratch,
If you tell them they're old one's you will soon find your match.

SATAN.—I managed their grand-mother Eve very well.

LAWYER.—You never tried your hand with a modern young belle?

But tell me great "Prince of the power of the air!"

Why I see amongst your subjects not one of the fair!

SATAN.—The good are not sent me; the bad can't be given;

Besides 'twould to you then no II—I beg, but Heaven.

LAWYER.—I tell you then plainly my jolly old trout;

I can't stay without them; so pray let me out—

SATAN.—You can't! your hair is now grizzly forsooth!

LAWYER.—The white are from study; the black from my youth.

But who noble Prince my companions will be?
For Lazarus and all his kindred keep me—

SATAN.—For Lazarus and all his kind are in heaven!

The great of the earth are to me mostly given—
Kings, statesmen, and orators; warriors brave,
Rich Prelates and Preachers in plenty I have—

LAWYER.—And Tradesmen?

SATAN.—A few to correct their long bills!

LAWYER.—Any Doctors?

SATAN.—All those who won't take their own Pills.

LAWYER.—How got you those merchants about big in treasure?

SATAN.—They gave too much credit, and too little measure.

LAWYER.—Any Yankees?

SATAN.—Ah! truly enough!

(And here he began to grow surly and gruff.)
I've ten generations already on hand;
I use them as fuel for burning the d—d—
I'm planning a tariff to keep them away
For their spoil and corrupt me ten Devils a day.

LAWYER.—Can you tell me my sentence how long is my time?

SATAN.—Till the Lady offended shall pardon your crime!

LAWYER.—Let me out, let me out! for I penitent tears!

A scorpion stung conscience and heart moving prayers

Will avail me; I soon the fair lady will see.

SATAN.—No, none of your country court tricks upon me!

I've a trusty servant on the mission may go;
He's as doctor a above as any below—

LAWYER.—Are you and the Doctor in partnership then?

SATAN.—I send him his phisic, he sends me his men—

LAWYER.—Pray send him in haste then 'tis no time to joke

The heat is increasing your sulphurous smoke.

The door gently opened, the Lawyer awoke,
And vision like smoke then vanished in wind;
And left not a wreck save the headache behind.
*Dr. W*****

VARIETY.

COLONEL RAY AND THE DRAGOON.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

Colonel David Ray, at the battle of Monmouth C. H., came near losing his head in his anxiety to acquire, by right of conquest, the property of another. The story, as related by himself to a friend, was nearly in manner as follows. The gallant Colonel was in command of a body of artillery, and was reconnoitering the enemy from the southern extremity of a rise of ground, on which was posted a regiment of continental infantry, opposed to a regiment of the enemy's cavalry, which flanked a regiment of grenadiers. The Colonel was mounted upon a noble bay horse, but the heat of the weather, the exertion of the morning—it was an exceedingly hot day—and various other circumstances combined, had served to use him up; and he was an unsafe animal to ride on such occasions as that, being given to aying, and various other tricks, in the presence of an enemy. The Colonel had concluded to replace him by one taken from the enemy, should opportunity allow.

While standing somewhat in front of his regiment, waiting for the action to recommence, he saw a stalwart dragoon leave the

ranks, single him out, and start in pursuit, probably with the idea of making a capture. Ray, observing that he was mounted upon a handsome, thorough-bred horse, thought this a good opportunity to replace the animal he stole, and being a capital shot, he felt sure of his game, albeit the trooper felt quite as sure of him. He was a powerful, built fellow of some six feet in height, and the horse on which he was mounted was proportionately stout and strong. The Colonel did not have long to wait before his antagonist was within pistol shot, and taking deliberate aim at the dragoon, he fired. To his surprise and astonishment, as the smoke cleared away, he saw that he had missed his opponent, who was rapidly lessening the distance between them. Quick as thought, he drew the other pistol from the holster and fired that but with no better effect. With a curse upon his ill-fortune, he now attempted to draw his sword, but before he could place his hand upon the hilt, his antagonist, who was rushing forward with rapid strides, his blade uplifted, and prepared with vengeful arm to strike a blow which should put an end to the Colonel's aspirations and his life together, was so close upon him that flight—was his only alternative. Dashing his spurs into the flanks of his already jaded steed, and giving him the rein, he left his tracks but a second before the trooper passed over them. Reigning short around, he passed in the rear of the trooper, and before the latter could pull up and wheel, he had gained half a dozen strides the start. He did not think now of drawing his sword, but only how to escape for he had been near enough to his opponent to see that he was in earnest. There was only three prominent objects in the field or neighborhood—the enemy, the militia regiment, and a large barn, with cow-shed and barn-yard attached. To the latter he directed his steed, hoping to find some opportunity to give his enemy the slip, should he follow him. He was not long in doubt on the latter point, for turning around he saw him almost at his heels, and rising in his stirrups preparatory to cutting him down. The barn door stood open, just as it had been left the day previous by the husbandman when surprised by the advance of the British troops. In went the Colonel, with his hair and coat skirts flying; and in went the dragoon after him. Out of the other door went pursuer and pursued—round the cow-shed—through the barn-yard—into the barn again—out at the other door—and so around and over the same ground again and again, until the race became decidedly interesting, and the Colonel's horse showed some signs of giving out. Twice the Colonel essayed to draw his sword to defend himself, but as often something prevented his doing so; and he reflected if he were to do so, before he could wheel his horse his antagonist would be upon him, and overthrow him by his very impetus, and so gave up the attempt. But it became him, now to adopt some new expedient, for with all his urging, he could only keep his animal just far enough in advance to be out of reach of his enemy's steel. Watching his opportunity as he passed the bars in his round, he darted through them, and made for the militia regiment, hoping that his antagonist would not venture to follow him there. In this, however, he was mistaken, for he seemed determined to overtake his man at all hazards, regardless of personal exposure. Along the whole of the extended line of the regiment they passed, within a few feet of the muzzles of the soldier's guns, many of which were discharged at the audacious trooper, but with as little effect as the Colonel's pistols had been. Many of the men were so full of mirth at the unexpected, and certainly ludicrous predicament of the hapless Colonel, that they could not aim with sufficient accuracy to hit; and in their anxiety, too, to avoid him, they fired wide of the mark; and out of one hundred shots and upwards which were aimed at him the dragoon was unhurt by any!

After pursuing the Colonel down the whole line, and having driven him to take refuge in the rear, the intrepid fellow gave up the chase, wheeled his horse, made for his own corps, and was seen quietly to take his place in the ranks.

The Colonel never forgot the stirring event to his dying day, although it afforded him and his fellow officers a source of mirth for many a day after. "Confound him!" said the Colonel, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, after the trooper had taken his departure, "I never saw such a daring fellow in all my life; he wouldn't even give me time to draw and defend myself."—*Emerson's United States Magazine.*

THE LOVE OF HOME.—It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generations before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode; I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind.

[Daniel Webster.]

Pearls to be Treasured up in the Casket of Memory.

At first setting out upon a vicious course men are a little nice and delicate, like young travellers, who at first are offended at every speck of dirt that lights upon them, but after they have been accustomed to it, and have travelled a good while in foul ways, it ceases to be troublesome to be dashed and bespattered.—*Tillotson.*

That lovely bird of paradise, *Christian contentment*, can sit and sing in a cage of affliction and confinement, or fly at liberty through the vast expanse, with almost equal firmness and satisfaction; while "even so, Father for it so seemeth good in Thy sight," is the chief note in its celestial song.

I resolve to neglect nothing to secure my eternal peace, more than if I had been certified that I should die with the day; nor to mind anything which my secular duties demand of me less than if I had been insured I should live fifty years more.—*Cheyne, M. D.*

Some men in their worldly trade, may say, at the year's end, they have neither got nor lost; but thou canst not say that at the day's end of thy soul; thou art at night better or worse than thou wast in the morning.

As snow is of itself cold, yet warms and refreshes the earth, so afflictions, though in themselves grievous yet keep the soul of the christian warm, and make it fruitful.—*Rev. John Mason.*

The reproach of a good man resembles fuller earth, it not only removes the spots from our character, but it rubs off when it is dry.—*Watts Wilkinson.*

He hath run long enough who hath touched the prize; he hath sailed long enough who is come safe into the harbor; and he hath lived long enough who is ready to die.—*Baxter.*

Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable, if he has a grovelling, unfettered, undevout mind.

God never accepts the will for the deed when he puts it in a man's power to do as well as will.

Rich men have commonly more need to be taught contentment than the poor.—*Eliza Cook.*

The gift of prayer may gain admiration from men, but it is the grace of prayer that has power with God.

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words, than words without a heart. Many that have passed the rocks of gross sin, have been cast away upon the sands of self-righteousness.

HON. JAS. L. ORR.—We were pleased to see our distinguished Representative in town last week. He attended the complimentary ball given to his Excellency Governor Allston, by the Butler Guards, and by his presence contributed much to the pleasures of the occasion. His kindly disposition, sociable and courteous manners, will ever gain for him admittance into the brightest and fairest circles. And whilst this is so, his manly and fearless principles will gain for him an enviable place in the hearts of his countrymen, and a high position in the councils of the nation. We would rejoice to see him elected Speaker of the next House of Representatives. His election would give satisfaction to the entire South.—*Southern Enterprise.*

TERRIFIC GALE.—The steamship Columbia, Capt. Berry, which arrived at this port yesterday forenoon, reports that at 10 o'clock on Friday morning last, after passing Cape Lookout, she encountered a very heavy gale from E. N. E., the sea making from the Southeast. At 10 p. m. the wind suddenly shifted to E. S. E., and blew a hurricane, which continued until 4 a. m. on Saturday morning, when it died away, but leaving a tremendous sea. During the gale, the Columbia lost her starboard paddle box, and a portion of her deck freight, among which was a remarkably fine pair of horses, consigned to Mr. Hubbard, of this city. Shortly after this temporary lull in the gale, the wind again shifted, and came out from the Northwest with much violence, greatly increasing the turbulence of the sea. The officers of the Columbia report it as the most trying storm the ship ever experienced. She seemed to be in the very centre of this furious conflict of winds.

[*Charleston Mercury.*]

MURDER WILL OUT.—Our readers will recollect that some time ago we mentioned the circumstance that a package from the Planters' Bank of Fairfield, containing \$2000 in notes, directed to a party in the West, never reached its destination. Investigations since made by the indefatigable Col. Martin, Special Agent of the Post Office Department, lead to the inference that the robbery was committed by a negro breakman on the Charlotte road—some of the lost money having been put in circulation by a member of the negro's family.—The fellow has been arrested. Great credit is due to Col. Martin for his efforts in discovering the author of this fraud.—*Carolina Times.*

INTERESTING SECRET HISTORY.—Gen. Pillow, in an address to the people of Tennessee, announcing himself a candidate for the Senate, gives a history of some passages in the conduct of the Mexican war, never before revealed to the public. It appears that Gen. P. was the confidential representative of the President, invested with a kind of surveillance over Mr. Trist, the Commissioner—that, at Puebla, a secret negotiation was entered into between Trist and General Scott and Santa Anna, by which the latter was to receive a million of dollars to make peace after a battle, an armistice, and the surrender of the City of Mexico—that General Pillow opposed it, and the project was abandoned—that, afterwards, when our army was in the Valley of Mexico, the scheme was persisted in, and that upon Gen. P.'s report of the facts to the President, Trist was recalled—and that of this recall, thus procured, grew his difficulties with Gen. Scott—that chief's mind being poisoned by Trist.

The developments are curious, and will probably give rise to some discussion.

[*Memphis Bulletin.*]

A QUEER MAN.—A letter in the Baltimore American gives the following account of a "rare bird."

A *rara avis in terra* in the shape of a debtor with a most tenacious honesty has turned up. In the year 1810, a young joiner in this city became involved to an extent that rendered it necessary for him to ask the indulgence of his creditors, and many of them signed a release. In the course of the following year he obtained a discharge from his debts under the State insolvent law. Shortly afterwards he left the city for Cayuga, where he obtained employment for a while at one dollar per day. He then got into employment with the inventor of a patent plow, and slowly toiled his way through the world, finally establishing himself in Ohio. Here, during the past year, in the way of business, he acquired money to the amount of some \$9,000, with which he at once started for New York, to seek out his old creditors. He, however, found but one living. On calling at the residence of that gentleman, and inquiring of him if he recollected a young man by the name of Joseph Ridgeway, a joiner, in 1810, the creditor, who is now about eighty years of age, replied: "I have some recollection of the boy; and I believe he owed me something when he left the city, but I don't remember how much."

Mr. Ridgeway, who is now seventy-four years old, then said: "I was that boy; and I have now come to pay you double the amount of that debt to which you refer." He then took from his pocket and unfolded a list of his old debts, amounting in the aggregate to about \$5,000, varying in sums from \$3.50 to \$224. In liquidation of the latter indebtedness, he handed over to a living daughter of his creditor the sum of \$448; to the son of another creditor he paid \$230 in discharge of a debt half that amount. On offering to liquidate the last amount, Mr. Ridgeway was referred to an executor; whereupon he replied, "I want to see no executor; I am legally discharged from the debt; besides your father released me, and a debt of 47 years standing must be outlawed. No, I obey the law of conscience, and if any of my creditors are not living, I pay to their children the respective amounts of my indebtedness." It will perhaps add still further to the singularity of this antique honesty to remember that Ridgeway is still poor, what little property he has in Ohio being under mortgage.

THE WHEAT CROP.—The Charleston correspondent of the Memphis Bulletin writes:

It is estimated that the wheat crops of Tennessee, Georgia, North and South Carolina, will amount to four and a half million bushels, and that of this amount Charleston is likely to receive 250,000 barrels of flour, and 1,500,000 bushels of wheat. For the last nine months there have been exported to Spain from this city 60,000 barrels of flour. There are now in Georgia and Tennessee twenty large merchant mills, with the capacity of two hundred barrels each per day, besides a large number of smaller capacity; there are also several large mills in North and South Carolina, and a great many smaller ones, so that Charleston may now be termed a flour and grain market.

COMMITTED SUICIDE.—We regret to hear that the youngest daughter of Peter King, of this District, hung herself with a bank of yarn, on Tuesday of last week. For a week previous the family noticed that her mind was affected, but apprehended no danger. On Tuesday morning she attended to her duties as usual—brought water for her mother, and her father proceeded to the fodder field, expecting that she would come to his assistance as usual. Her not doing so, drew him to the house to ascertain the reason of her delay; not finding her there, the family became alarmed and made a search, when they found her suspended to a bush dead.—*Anderson Gazette.*

BRANDY FROM THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE A correspondent of the New York Post sends to that paper a sample of very good brandy made from the syrup of the above named plant; and says that it costs about thirty cents per gallon to produce, and is worth in the market from \$1 to \$2 per gallon, according to quality. He suggests that the growth of this crop will enable the farmers to manufacture the spirit in the winter season, when they have no other occupation. They can make a gallon of proof spirit for each gallon of fermented syrup, and it will find a ready sale at the rectifiers, who will turn it into alcohol for camphene and other uses. The writer adds:

"The quantity of alcohol now used for purposes of illumination alone, to say nothing of varnishes, chloroform, and medical extracts, is enormous, and was beginning to have a serious effect on the price of bread, owing to the wholesale destruction of cereals required to produce it. Now, however, we have found a substitute, which, besides supplying syrup and alcohol, will also yield from the same crop a large amount of forage and grain for the fattening of stock."

HIT HIM AGAIN.—Gen. Gadsberry has written to the Unionville Journal, another letter, in which he asserts positively that Col. Woodward knows nothing about Kansas and its affairs. He says that he roomed with him, dined with him, walked with him and talked with him, during his stay in that Territory, and having this knowledge, he is not mistaken in saying that he was never more than 300 yards into the Territory. Mr. Gadsberry further says that Col. Woodward is an avowed knave, nothing, and that his letter to Mr. Hill of Georgia, was written to help his brother know nothing in his canvass as candidate for the governorship of Georgia.

MORAL COURAGE.—Sidney Smith, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little more courage or independence of mind: "A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them

from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back, shivering, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks, and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years; and then live to see its success afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and particular friends, till, one fine day, he finds he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice."

A HUMOROUS young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the roadside. Passing a country tavern, where were collected together some dozen countrymen, the beast, as usual, ran opposite the door, and then stopped in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on. The men on the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquired if he would sell the horse. "Yes," replied the young man; "but I cannot recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher, and stops wherever he hears the calves bleat." The crowd retired to the bar in silence.

WORDS.—Soft words soften the soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze more freely. Kind words make other people good-natured—cold words freeze people and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and boastful words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, and morose, and unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

Thus saying "that there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed to apply chiefly to kicks, medicine, and advice.

THERE are two things about which you should never grumble; the first is that which you cannot help, and the other that which you can help.

REYNOLDS, the dramatist, observing the thinness of the house, at one of his pieces, said: "I suppose it is owing to the war." "No," was the reply; "it's owing to the piece."

LUMBER! LUMBER!

THE undersigned are now prepared to fill orders for LUMBER of all kinds, at their Mill on Oconee Creek, seven miles north-east of Wall-halla. Lumber will be delivered if it is desired by the purchaser. Our terms will be made accommodating, and we respectfully solicit the patronage of the public.

JAMES GEORGE,
M. F. MITCHELL,
J. N. LAWRENCE.

Feb. 10, 1857 31

DR. Z. W. GREEN

OFFERS his Professional services to the citizens of Pickens District, in the practice of Medicine in his various branches. He would say that he has an experience of ten years in practice. Office in his Store. [April 14, 1857.]

State of South Carolina,

IN EQUITY—PICKENS.

Abraham Duke, et. ux., et. al. vs. Bill for Partition

vs. Jos. Donaldson, et. ux., et. al. do't, &c.

THAT Court of Equity, for Pickens district, having referred the Accounts of Harriet Duke, Administratrix, and Ransom Duke, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the Personal Estate of Russell Cannon, deceased, to the Commissioner for settlement, the defendants Benjamin Cannon, Washington Cannon, and the other heirs of William Cannon, deceased, Carter Cannon, Margaret Marchbanks, Judy Kendrick, Ruffin Cannon, Martha Brown and James Cannon, who are absent from the State, will take notice that the said Reference will be held at my Office, on Monday the 19th day of October next.

ROBT. A. THOMPSON, C. E. P. D.

Comrs. Office, July 3, 1857. 1d

Estate Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all concerned that a final settlement of the Estate of Dr. E. G. Gaines, deceased, will be made before the Ordinary at Pickens C. H., on Tuesday the 20th day of October next. Those still indebted to the Estate must make payment, and those having demands against the same, will present them legally attested by that day.

C. M. SHARPE, Adm'r.

July 18, 1857 3

NOTICE

IS hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature, at its next session, to change the public road, leaving the main road near Mrs. Julia Brown's old place, running by Samuel Brown's saw mill, and intersecting said public road at or near the branch beyond said saw mill.

July 9, 1857 52 3m

State of South Carolina,

PICKENS DISTRICT—CITATION.

VY HERREAS, Emily Bell have applied to me for letters of administration on all and singular the goods and chattels, rights and credits belonging to Jasper M. Bell late of the district and State aforesaid, deceased; the kindred and creditors of said deceased are, therefore, cited to appear before me in the Ordinary's Office, at Pickens C. H., on Monday, the 7th day of October next, to show cause, if any they can, why said letters should not be granted. Given under my hand and seal of office, the 18th day of September, 1857.

W. J. PARSONS, C. E. P.

State of South Carolina,

PICKENS DISTRICT—CITATION.

VY HERREAS, Cynthia J. Couch hath applied to me for letters of administration on all and singular the goods and chattels, rights and credits belonging to James W. Couch late of the district and State aforesaid, deceased; the kindred and creditors of said deceased are, therefore, cited to appear before me in the Ordinary's Office, at Pickens C. H., on Monday, the 7th day of October next, to show cause, if any they can, why said letters should not be granted. Given under my hand and seal of office, the 18th day of September, 1857.

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W. J. PARSONS, C. E. P.

TO FARMERS AND BUTCHERS!